With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild hall affordeth and so my Lord farwell.
Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order (*Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is engrost'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these fiue houres liued Lord Hastings,
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme, and speake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the Bastardy of Edwards children?
Buc. I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and noblenesse of minde:
Layd open all your victories in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't, or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bad them that loues their Countries good
Cry, God saue Richard, Englands royall Kin
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stone
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale
Which when I saw, I reprehended them: (
And askt the Mayor what meant this wilfull
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was yrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke in
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe
When he had done, some followers of mine
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their
And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King
Thankes louing Citizens and friends quot
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedome and your loues to R
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they
Buc. No by my troth my Lord.
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his br
Buc. The Maior is heere: and intend so
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie sute
And looke you get a prayer booke in your
And stand betwixt two Church-men good
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade a
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happy issue.
Buc. You shal see what I can do, get you v
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance h
I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withal
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby,
Cat. My Lord he doth entreat your Gra
To visit him to morrow, or next day: